

## Pyre

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## Pyre

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

Day 3: Fantasy AU

“You’ve gotta watch it with those hands, you’ll hurt someone!”

“You’ve gotta watch it with *your hands*,” Dream challenged. “Don’t touch what’s mine, got it?”

“Yours?” He spit with burning ice. “You’ll kill him.”

*It's cruel to touch things that aren't yours.*

### Notes

mars speedruns dnf week

i'm actually not doing day 4 (tomorrow) but i will see you on day 5 for band au! :] mwah

mwah <33

and i once again did not proofread please forgive me  
maybe i'll do that later or smthn who knows

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

At first, Dream had cursed himself.

There was no way this was going to work out. George's skin was ice cold, one of his eyes struck blue, his fingertips danced with arctic frost when he got too distracted to control it. George had been touched gently by the cold, soft skin caressed until it became hardened with frost, the icy look of it caught in the depths of his right eye when it spread wide enough for Dream to catch sight of his soul.

And Dream was different. They had been pitted opposite each other—as if the gods had wanted to toy with them. Left Dream tan and freckled, left his skin burning hot to the touch, left his green eyes flecked with sparks of gold and the ends of long fingers swirled with flame. He had been swallowed by heat and ash, left to burn people gently in a way that came sweet. Trail his hot touch gently up aching spines, lay searing palms against shaking limbs.

There was something tangible between him and George when they first met. Dream swore he could see it in the space between them—something other than the echoes of magic, something other than a mix of ice and fire pulled taut in the air. It was something more, something that compelled Dream to reach out and touch his hand against George's clothed shoulder, not missing the way he jumped beneath hot fingers.

*It wasn't supposed to be like this.*

How was Dream meant to touch George when his hands threatened to melt him? How was George meant to touch Dream when piercing cold spread through his ribcage in hurt? It seemed easy to ignore for the first moments of it all, easy to push aside and forget about. It was easy because it hurt. Easy because Dream could never see himself craving the sharpened pain that spread beneath his skin every time George touched him.

No matter how much his body cried out for a man he barely knew, Dream was not someone who wished to hurt himself. And he didn't want to see George melt, either. Didn't want to leave him a messy puddle on the floor, dripped into cold water that would soak his feet in a slick reminder.

For the first moments, they kept hands to themselves. Hung twitching fingers heavy by their sides. Dream couldn't shake the attraction he felt to the blue of George's right eye, or the matching ice against his elegant hands. It looked perfect against his bright skin, like how the searing fire stood against his tan freckles. Because George was made to be cold, and Dream was made to be hot.

For the first moments, the tension between them sood palpable in eye contact. Dream swore he could see everything behind those eyes. And when he let his gaze rake down a blue-clad body, his hands moved by themselves. As if he was a marionette strung up by sheer attraction, as if he could no longer control himself until he got his hands on George.

He took him by his covered shoulders. George winced, but he pressed upward into the heat. Grabbed exposed wrists with ice cold hands and let their opposing magic mix, felt himself melt beneath Dream's touch only to freeze back solid again.

Dream's lips were warm enough to kill him. It was almost shocking that he didn't.

It was strange, in a sense. Dream could scarcely remember asking for his name, but his mind was loud with cries of *George*. The only thing he knew was cold skin beneath flamed hands, the only thing he knew was spreading twists of orange down the front of a pale chest.

Every time he reeled his hands back, George's skin was blossomed pink. His touch ran him raw, made him whine in a mix of insufferable heat and pathetic want. And Dream took. Dream took, and took, and *took* until there was nothing left of George. Nothing but a spread-out mess on the ground where he'd laid him, nothing but whines in his ear and a cold touch on his shoulders, nothing but the drag of ice down his skin with sharpness that made him shudder.

And nothing was ever the same.

They were quite the unlikely pair, but they were inseparable in their tangle between limbs. The complement of icy blue and burning orange earned incredulous glances from those around them, but neither Dream nor George had it in them to care. They were hands, always hands—fleeting touches against the backs of exposed hands, trails of juxtaposing fingertips up veins, even the lightest touch striking enough to make them both shiver.

George looked prettiest when he was washed with heat. Skin tinted pink, the air between him and Dream stuck in a messy tangle of ice and heat. Fire always seemed to win against ice, always managed to thaw the cold before anything could be extinguished. George would take himself as water forever, until the end of time—so long as it was Dream's hands he melted beneath.

It had to have been the first time the two split apart since their first encounter, the first time Dream had let George saunter off on his own, without the now-comforting burn of his lover by his side. Dream didn't tell George that he went to the same village, didn't tell him that he lingered amongst other fire mages to watch from afar.

There was something pulled tight between them now. It was almost colder to be *away* from George at this point, the blood in his veins threatening to freeze solid without the presence of him and his delicate hands.

He didn't know, but George felt the same. He wished to be melted into the street where he stood, but to him, Dream was pitifully far away. Caught up in something important, perhaps not even thinking about George at all. He couldn't even feel that flame-tainted gaze on his back from across the way, because he was distracted by another man clad in whites and blues.

Dream watched a stranger ice mage grab onto George's shoulder. *His* George's shoulder, one that had been dotted unfamiliarly with dark freckles, left in the wake of Dream's rough-touching hands. And there was a stranger seeping ice into his veins. Strangely, Dream worried that the cold would erase the marks he'd left.

George tried to laugh politely. Tried to side-step away and slip out of a frigid grasp, but every minute movement was followed with practiced ease. For the first time since he'd met Dream, there was someone wrapping him with cold. For the first time since he'd met Dream, the hand on his shoulder wasn't burning hot.

It hurt more than he remembered.

“You're all alone?”

Voices edged with toxic ice were not favored in George's heat-trained ears. He missed the dripping

saccharine of Dream's voice, the smoldering sweetness that fell past his lips like magma, dripped onto George's skin with enough intensity to hurt. A spit of frost could never compare, not when pitted against something so warm.

George tried to be subtle.

"Not exactly."

"Well," the ice mage trailed his fingers against George's shoulder, edged his thumb beneath the fabric of his shirt, "you're alone now, aren't you?"

Grey eyes flicked away from two colors, but the smirk was still spread over the man's face. He had barely caught a glimpse of a head of blond hair, of a carelessly warm face that was twisted with red fury. George had never seen that look on Dream's face before, had never seen his raging fire burn with anything but fierce passion.

It was a hot hand against a cold wrist, flamed enough to make the stranger jump back. He hissed through grit teeth and gripped the burning skin with his free hand, casting Dream a narrowed glance at the feel of his skin alight.

"What the hell?" The man's face twisted into a harsh cold. "You've gotta watch it with those hands, you'll hurt someone!"

Dream planted those harbingers of pain on either side of George's waist, tugged him closer to press his back against his chest with rough possession. He didn't miss the way grey eyes widened, didn't miss a whimper from his lover beneath a searing touch, didn't miss the way he leaned back into Dream's warm body like he'd missed it.

Because he had.

"You've gotta watch it with *your* hands," Dream challenged. "Don't touch what's mine, got it?"

The man sputtered. But his face turned into a frown, fingers uncurling from his pink-turning wrist to jab a finger in Dream's direction with petty accusation.

"*Yours?*" He spit with burning ice. "You'll kill him."

Dream dug his fingers into the skin of George's hips. Let his touch sneak under the fabric of his shirt, let his skin meet the sharp coldness of George's head-on, let his heat seep beneath the surface and fill George's core with hot tangerine.

George squirmed, let his head fall backward onto Dream's shoulder. He'd raised himself up on his tiptoes, tried awkwardly to lean into the hold on his hip bones, tried to urge those fingers to bruise him red.

"He's mine."

Dream spit lava. It slid down George's shoulder with intoxicating heaviness, dripped beneath the surface of the fabric and caught against his skin.

"You're hurting him!"

The man tried to reach his hand out, tried to grab onto George's shoulder again with his ice-cold grasp, but Dream swatted his hand away with his own. Even just the momentary contact made the ice mage hiss, made him jump away from Dream and his threatening skin.

*“Mine.”*

It left his chest low and growling. It pushed hot against George’s ear, hot enough to make him squirm against Dream’s chest. And before that still unnamed man could argue any further, Dream tugged the both of them away and kept one arm around George’s waist.

The warmth became more manageable. A touch that still urged claim, a touch that still made George all warm and malleable—but nothing too rough and bruising, nothing too unbearable to stain his skin orange.

George took a shuddered breath in an attempt to calm down. He pressed one hand against the side of Dream’s torso, savored the heat he felt against his spread palm. In turn, Dream reveled in the cold.

“You didn’t have to come save me,” George insisted. “I had it under control.”

The hand on his hip tightened. Searing fingertips dug harshly into whatever skin they could find, forceful enough to make George whine. He tripped over his feet gently, not pathetic enough for anyone to notice. Not anyone who wasn’t Dream, at least.

“He was out of line.” Dream’s voice was low and burning. George wasn’t sure if he recognized it. “He shouldn’t have put his hands on you. *No one* should put their hands on you.”

“Dream,” George tried to be convincing, but it came out whiny, “it was fine.”

Digging fingers burned skin red.

“No it wasn’t.”

It wasn’t.

They found their shared home without another word. George wasn’t sure whether he should be scared or not, wasn’t sure if he should quell the rising heat in his chest in favor of something more serious. But when Dream led him to the bedroom, he decided to let it burn.

The flame shrank pathetically when Dream took his hands back to himself. Left George standing alone in the center of the room, his own arms hanging loosely by his sides. He watched Dream with parted lips, watched him pace over to the desk in the corner and rifle through the overfilled drawers.

George was cold. Strangely, he disliked it. But he was used to that now.

“Dream.”

He didn’t answer. Not until his hands dragged over the worn leather he had been in search of, tugged the object of his desire up through the mess of papers left on top of it.

“George.”

It could’ve been an answer. It could’ve stood alone. Either way, George savored the way a molten voice curled over the syllable of his name. It settled sweetly on his shoulders despite the distance, crawled up into his ears and spread through his skull like it was meant to rest there—because it was.

“Dream?”

The fire mage spun on his heel, hands hidden behind his back. “On the bed for me.”

George swallowed thickly, nodding with lax ease. And he was careful in his approach to their bed, eyes not leaving Dream where he still stood by the desk. Flaming eyes stared back, hands shifting in their hidden state. He watched with interest when George sat himself down on the mattress, head tipped to the side to watch Dream, back pressed against the headboard. He brought his knees up close to his chest. Dream came and sat on the foot of the bed.

He had a worn leather journal placed on his thigh. He opened it slowly, flipped through the yellowed pages with careful fingers. George could see the glowing orange on the tip of his index finger, the finger he’d leaned away from the pages as if he feared burning them. Because he could, and he wouldn’t.

George wanted to stumble over Dream’s name again. But he bit his lips to stay quiet, curled his fingers into his cold palms and felt the press of ice on his own skin. He edged his foot forward on the mattress to knock against Dream’s thigh. The blond looked up at him with a lazy smile, an unfamiliar mix of gentle, loving Dream and something fierce and dangerous.

“George.” The molten voice was twisted and jealous. “Do you remember what you said when we first met?”

It was a loaded question. “I think so.”

Dream laughed lowly. It felt out of place, but it made George shiver anyways. He pushed his heel against Dream’s clothes leg to try and feel the heat of his skin. It didn’t work.

“You asked me,” Dream looked down at the journal in his hands, “if your hands were too cold.”

“Were they?” George swallowed. “You never properly answered me.”

Dream still didn’t answer. He only turned the page of that worn-out journal, took the hand that wasn’t holding it’s spine and placed a warm touch on George’s knee. His leg moved involuntarily to press up into Dream’s palm, to let the hot warmth of his grasp encompass him completely. Dream’s hands were large and swallowing. George wanted them everywhere.

“I asked if mine were too warm.” He rubbed his thumb gently over George’s knee, trailed something orange across the fabric in his wake. “You said you liked that they were warm.”

“I do,” George admitted. “They’re hot. Your hands are burning, Dream—*please* touch me.”

His lips edged upward further, into a grin that felt more teasing than kind. He shook his head slowly, pulled his hand off George’s knee with enough difference to make him whimper. Dream turned the page.

“*I’d let him do anything to me.*” He read it straight from the book. “Is that still true, George?”

George nodded. Perhaps the motion was a tad too eager. “Yes. It’s so, *so* true, Dream, please.”

“*I love him,*” Dream read carefully, soft yet biting with his molten voice, “*I love him more than the sun.*”

George felt his cheeks flush pink at the thought of it. He had never meant for Dream to read those words. They were all things he scrawled out by himself, alone in their room at the desk in the corner. When Dream was asleep in bed, tan skin glowing in the light that spilled through the window.

*"The sun makes him pretty, but he'd still be perfect without it."*

George bit his lip. "Dream," he pleaded, "stop reading that and touch me."

Dream shakes his head slowly. Turns the page again, drags glowing fingers against the curling page. He taps against the book. It makes a soft sound, barely loud enough for George to hear. He wishes to reach his hands out and grab Dream's burning face, to sink into him with frigid care. Maybe then he'd pay attention the way George wanted him to.

*"Secretly, I like to think I was made for flame."* Dream looked up from the journal, caught his eyes in the mismatched color of George's gaze. "Is that true, George?"

He nodded slowly. "I like the heat more." George tried not to gasp. "Always have."

Dream let two of his fingers dance against the exposed skin of George's ankle. Ice cold beneath his touch, spreading cold across the plane of his hand and up the front of his arm in fading sharpness. George squirmed, a lone whimper sliding past his lips.

"You really are mine," Dream said in drawl, thick fingers catching around George's ankle with a possessive hold, "aren't you?"

"Show me," George insisted, stuttering over the heat against his ankle. He played with the danger on the tip of his tongue, with the icy heat of it that licked up the sides of his mouth. Maybe he'd kill Dream with it before he could melt him into nothing. "Before I forget who I belong to."

The rustle of pages when the journal hit the floor wasn't loud enough to pierce the boil in Dream's ears. What had settled to a simmer on the way home, what had had come so close to still water when George pinned him among the sun—it came rushing back to rapid movement, surged hot in every inch of Dream's skull.

He had practically thrown himself at George. The hand gripping his ankle fell away, and both palms lay flat on George's chest. He sank their lips into each other, and the familiar, soft feeling of Dream's mouth came with a roughness George didn't quite recognize. Something led by ivory teeth, something hotter than he remembered it being, something threatening enough to make him squirm.

Cold hands found clothed shoulders. Long fingers tugged at fabric, tried to pull it off without forcing their lips apart. Dream listened to none of it, spread his mouth wide open to slide his burning tongue against the slick of George's lips, to feel that echo of biting cold beneath all the molten lava.

It was a mess of sliding palms that tugged both their shirts off, left them abandoned on the floor beside the still-open journal. Dream was intentional with the way he grabbed George's skin—laid his hands over the exposed part of his waist in favor of clothes legs—tugging his body downward to lay flat on the bed. A mess of brown hair collided with the fluffy pillow beneath him, eyes blown wide and swallowing pupils, thick pools of black that shifted when Dream's lifted himself into view.

"Me." Dream's voice was rough, charred around the edges. "You belong to me."

He sank their mouths back together, sucked George's cold lips into his mouth and scraped teeth against icy flesh. He bit down rough enough to tear, to dig faint marks into the pink of George's mouth, not quite deep enough to bleed. Only deep enough for George to feel it when he ran his own tongue over his lips, to savor the groove that had been carved into him in a place he could feel

it so well.

And Dream made sure to mark other parts of him, too. Leave spreading violet across the pale expanse of his throat, make it wide and dark enough to be visible above his collar. Lay it with enough biting teeth marks to imprint, make it clear and obvious that George hadn't been hit by a stray bolt of magic—he'd been bitten by someone unforgiving.

George whined. Dream's mouth was scorching, and every drag of his tongue came with a red hotness, every pool of saliva threatening to leave those pretty freckles scattered across his skin. Dream loved those freckles more than anything; they were permanent. Dark constellations left on the pale skin of an ice mage, jarringly out of place but welcome to the blond's possessive gaze. Perhaps they marked him better than those darkening hickies ever could, but those bruises always faded into a new collection of dots.

"You." The word came out of George's mouth in breath. "Only you."

Dream dragged his tongue down the center of George's chest, trailed his warm lips over to catch a nipple in his mouth. And he dug his fingers deep into George's hip bones again, left pretty little bruises on top of light freckles, let George's skin turn colors in fierce claim.

"You already remember?" Dream teased, every word of it too-hot on George's skin. "I thought you'd put up a fight, babe."

George squirmed, whining high and in his throat. One of his knees hit against Dream's chest, his body scalding enough to be felt through fabric. To be felt against a non-sensitive part of George's body, but he still felt it all the same. It only made him twist more.

"Want you to touch me."

"Yeah?" Dream trailed his fingers up George's sides, flicked his tongue over his nipple with quick lightness. "Say you're mine again."

"I'm yours, Dream," he spoke quickly, chest heaving beneath the press of Dream's lips. "Yours, *yours*, touch me."

Dream smiled softly against George's skin, trailed his mouth downward with the light lick of flame, paused his searing kisses right above the waistband of George's pants. He stripped him bare with painful slowness, but George didn't have it in him to protest. Those cold hands had fallen away from Dream's bare shoulders, had been laid uselessly against the mattress where he could do nothing but curl nails into his skin.

The cold was dull in George's sternum at the loss of Dream's touch. When he sat up on his knees between George's spread legs, his body was just barely too far to feel the familiar press of heat. Just too far to kick his lazy leg out and catch around bare skin. The only thing his skin could catch on was the cloth covering Dream's, and though it was warmer and better than nothing, it'd never be enough.

George was halfway to mewling out a *please* when Dream dipped his head down. Pressed a wet-hot kiss to the head of George's cock, flicked his tongue over the slit to gather the bead of precum leaking out. George sputtered, twisted against the mattress in pathetic movement, tried to buck his hips up into the warmth of Dream's mouth. But there was a large hand on his bare hip, spread out completely to cover as much of his skin as possible. And he was pinned down to the bed.

"Easy," Dream said softly, other hand curling around the base of George's cock. "Let me have you,



babe.”

George whimpered. In his head, it was in agreement. To Dream, it only made the mess he’d become more pathetic.

In the end, it still got him what he wanted. Got lips around his cock, stretched pretty and wide as they dragged downward with torrid slowness, pressed gently against a burning hot hand to meet like a dangerous flame in the center. George moaned, felt those same lips draw tighter and suck down, the hand pressed against them pushing upward in a favorable drag.

His mouth was so *warm*. Perhaps his tongue ran even hotter, slicked beautifully with molten saliva, dripping out and down the sides of George’s cock when those lips pulled up to grasp the head again. Were it not for the large hand pressed down on his hip, George would’ve been trying to fuck Dream’s throat by now. But Dream was stronger, and he set the pace.

The pace he wanted was slow. The pace he wanted was intentional. The pace he wanted was deliberate, dragging, blazing red in intoxicating heat until George felt like his skin was running off onto the sheets. Surely that would stain. Surely he didn’t care.

Dream trailed the hand on George’s cock up to meet his lips, caught the gathering saliva on his own skin before pressing down again. And the hold on his hip turned harsher, pressed a divot into the mattress George was laid on until the sheets were pulling taut beneath his body.

Like he was trying to carve his form out into the bed; as if it wasn’t already there. A hollowed form of *George* left etched into the mattress. A shapely pool for him to melt into. To gather his slick remnants.

Dream pressed his hand flat against the bottom of George’s abdomen. Dipped his mouth down to meet the base, take him all the way down to the hilt and hollow his cheeks to suck him harder. He nearly gagged when George hit the back of his throat, but he halted the motion with a sharp breath through his nose.

The responding whine was beautiful. It spilled onto the bed and coated Dream with a much-needed cold, sharp enough to run a shiver down his spine and shake his hand against George’s hip. The skin that he held may have been cooler than Dream himself, but it was running hot beneath the touch of a fire mage, running hot when put in a room with swallowing heat.

Dream slid his lips up. George whimpered.

He dipped down again and pulled up. Went down and pulled up. Slid his tongue over a vein that ran along the underside, left the blood that had swollen George’s cock boiling beneath his skin, twirled his tongue one last time before he pulled off with an obscenely wet sound.

*“Dream.”*

His eyes spoke loudly in protest. Dream sat up on his knees, gazed over a pink-flushed body with claiming eyes. Both his hands abandoned George’s cock, moved up closer to his own and moved quickly to tug his pants off.

For George, nothing felt quick enough. Not when he was a thawing mess of flesh and blood, not when the veins caught beneath his skin felt fit to burst from all the pressure. Not when he was sweating into the sheets, trailing down his roughed-up body with an enthralling sheen, glowing enough beneath the dim light of the bedroom to catch Dream’s eyes when he looked down again.

Dream had taken his cock with one of his too-large hands. Dragged it upward with tantalizing

slowness, trailed the pad of his thumb over the head and felt the slick of precum trail across him. He edged closer to George, planted a knee between his legs and grinned. He reached across George's body to catch the bottle of lube in the nightstand, and by the time he pulled back he was already slicking three fingers.

He wasted no time to press the tips of those slick fingers against George's hole. They felt hot, too hot—and Dream was having similar thoughts. George felt warmer than usual, body running hotter than Dream had ever felt it. He knew it had everything to do with him; with his burning touch and the air caught between them. And he pressed his middle finger into George with a shuddered breath, no time between then and the downward roll of George's hips as if to urge Dream to give him more.

"I'm taking my time with you," Dream reminded him slowly, caught George's waist with his free hand again. "Let me, George."

He said his name so carefully. It matched the force of his fingers—careful, gentle, strangely feeling as though he thought George was made of glass. Like if he spoke too loud or twisted his finger too quickly he'd watch his lover shatter to pieces on the bed. And shards weren't known for filling indents like slick did, weren't known for ending as pretty as melted ice.

George wished for Dream to thaw him into warmth. But there was nothing in him that feared being broken. If anything, he'd let Dream shatter him to a million pieces.

*I'd let him do anything to me.*

"Dream," George pleaded. "I don't *want* you to be gentle."

He tried to press down again. Dream reeled back in time with the motion, pulled out nearly all the way. The pad of his finger caught against the rim as though George couldn't bear the thought of emptiness, as if the loss of a flaming intrusion would be the death of him right then. Clearly, Dream didn't care what he wanted. Not in the sense of pace.

"You're mine, aren't you?" Dream urged, earning a whine of agreement from George. "Good. Then hold still for me."

George whimpered in protest, but he obliged anyways. Forced his hips to hold still and lay himself at the mercy of Dream—a man who was certainly showing him plenty of mercy. He was slow with that lone finger, careful with the way he stretched George until he was more than positive he could take a second finger. And even then, his pace was pitiful.

George wasn't sure if it really *was* a caring wish to be gentle. The edged grin on Dream's face said otherwise, the too-careful spread of his fingers buried deep inside of George burned with mal intent. He was torturing him, leaving George in desperate want for more, the motion of his fingers enough to make him mewl but not enough to moan.

He pushed those two fingers into him harshly but slow. In George's eyes, that was the worst pace Dream could take. Unforgiving and relentless in a way that threatened to break him, break him with the push of scorching hands until he broke into malleable pieces. But it wasn't fast enough to feel satisfying enough, and George already felt stretched enough for a third finger; but Dream wouldn't give it to him.

He wanted to beg. He could feel the words rise up his throat, felt them in sickening cold when they iced the insides of his throat. They were frosted, unfavorable, too much blue against tangerine. George writhed, and he swallowed the arctic pleas back down the coast of his throat again.

It felt worse the second time. Infinitely, unimaginably worse. And he wasn't sure if it was worth it or not, but Dream was pressing the pad of his third finger against George's rim, edging it in with that same careful slowness that George had grown to hate.

He let his hips shift against the mattress. His body moved just enough for Dream's ring finger to slip inside of him, to fill him more and better and *perfect*. It was so hot in every sense of the word. George felt the spreading fire where it burned brightest in Dream's hands, felt it slide off and up and around his lower half. It covered him in flaming haze, left him dripping against the sheets.

But he wanted more. Wanted *Dream*. Wanted his cock inside of him, burning him red from the inside out.

"Dream," he pleaded. "I want it. Want *you*."

Dream chuckled, twisted his fingers harshly inside of George. "You have me."

"*No!*"

Dream knew exactly what he wanted. But watching the brunet writhe against the mattress like that, watching him finally make use of those limp hands to push against the headboard, trying to gain enough leverage to push down against Dream like that would get him what he was begging for. His thighs were already shaking, his lip was already caught beneath his teeth, and the only thing he wanted was Dream.

"Calm down," Dream soothed, dragging his fingers out with careful slowness. "I'll give it to you, baby, just lay still for a minute."

George stilled immediately. Dream laughed again at the desperate compliance, picked up the lube again to slick his cock. George watched, he fucking *watched* Dream drag his burning hand across his cock. Watched the lube cover it in a way that made him look even better than he did without it, better because his lubed cock came with promise.

He pressed the head against George's rim, and he was already pushing down. Letting Dream sink into him just slightly, but he quickly lost all his leverage when he was left with only fingertips brushing against the headboard. He whined pitifully when Dream didn't keep moving, only leaned over George's body to pin him still against the bed with arms beside his head.

"Don't you want me?" George pleaded, cold fingers taking hold of Dream's hair. "*Please*, Dream, tell me you want me."

Dream groaned. "I would burn down the world if it meant having you all to myself."

"You don't have to," George whined. "Just *fuck* me."

And Dream finally listened. He slid his cock into George the rest of the way, let his hips catch against George's body with a familiar warmth. Despite all of George's coldness, despite the piercing ice that quite literally ran through his veins—George was tight and warm, as he should be. It was near-blistering even for a fire mage, tugging another groan free from Dream's chest when he rolled his hips just slightly.

George pulled on his hair. His gasping breaths made silent begs for more, ankles crossed behind Dream's back to push him forward. It had taken far too long for them to get like this, far too long before Dream's cock was shoved into George's tight hole and sliding—though he was still moving too slow.

George wanted to let a frosted plea fall from his lips. He *wanted* to make a pathetic mess of himself beneath Dream, but all that came out when he parted his lips was drool. All that came was more sputtering, all that came was the slide of something magma down his cheek. It burned him raw, scorched his skin ebon and pulled his fingers tighter in a fluff of gold.

“*Mine.*” Dream emphasized his claim with a harsher thrust. “You, George, you’re all mine.”

George could only gasp to agree. Shift his legs in their hold around Dream’s waist, slide his back farther down the bed as if to encourage him. Miraculously, it seemed to work. Dream let himself sit up slightly, let his massive hands catch freckled hips to hold George’s body still in place, and he finally fucked him properly. Finally settled for an unforgiving pace, the drag of his cock against George’s stretched walls everything hot and favorable.

Hands fell free from golden hair. They collapsed onto the bed without use again, left only to drag against warming sheets as Dream pulled George down against his cock. And he moaned out at the ceiling, let his head fall backward to expose a marked-up neck, practically *begging* Dream to sink his teeth back into it and wreck him further.

So he did. He tore into George’s neck just as he had before, only this time every bite was punctuated with a harsh thrust. Only this time he was shifting his legs beneath George, wrangling the poor brunet’s body this way and that, readjusting his angle until finally, *finally* George was crying out over a sob.

Something sensical spilled past his spit-covered lips.

“*Right there!*”

Dream laved another bite mark over his porcelain skin. Dragged his hot tongue up the column of George’s throat, tried not to breathe too heavy against his mouth when he slotted their lips back together again. A kiss had never burned so dangerously, had never been so unfathomably intoxicating just in feeling alone. But Dream took it, he’d take it any day—take it over anything in the world so long as it was George.

The room was on fire around them. At least, it was in Dream’s head. And the two of them sat alone in the center of it all, twisting bodies caressed by the flame, touched with a gentle ease that made it feel like they belonged there. And Dream was hitting George in all the right places with every move, striking against his prostate on every downstroke until George was crying in red-hot tear tracks that’d leave marks on his skin.

They came within seconds of each other. George spilled himself all over their stomachs, curled his fists and dropped his mouth open on a helpless cry. And with one final thrust, Dream came inside of George, painted his insides white and hot and *his*.

No one else’s. George was *Dream’s*, and he’d be Dream’s forever and always.

He was still Dream’s when they pulled away from each other, too-sticky and uncomfortable beneath a self-imposed mess. And he was still Dream’s when the blond cleaned him up, washed his limp body clean in a cold bath until George had passed out in the water.

He wrapped the both of them up in fresh bed sheets and basked in the fresh chill of George’s skin against his. It felt perfect. Dream hadn’t slept so well in what felt like a thousand years.

When George got up in the morning, heavy and hot and sore, the first thing he did was write in the journal on the floor.

*He'd do anything for me so long as I'm his. And I love you, Dream.*

## End Notes

important message that you are all exceptionally wonderful and i very much appreciate you for reading :D i hope i don't bother anyone's inbox with my posts this week lol deadass that's the first time i've written "i love you" in a smutfic lmao

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